









# THE SAHIB'S FORTUNE.

By JOHN C. CHUTE.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN IN WANT," "HILARY IN THE DESERT," AND "THE LOST CITY," AND DRAUGHTSMAN OF THE "HISTORICAL VERSION OF 'HARRY LYNCH,' ETC., ETC."

## CHAPTER IV.

"HARRY CAN READ ADVERTISING, BUT FEW OTHERS."

After that trip and the loss of our shipper the warlike employment, I had to seek another employment. I was out of a berth, I seized that opportunity to return home. I had been away quite three years and had grown into a strong boy.

My wages were useful to the family table, and being now a stranger I was most heartily welcomed. It was home to me, and in whilst my money lasted I spent a happy idle month on the breezy dunes that surrounded the place of my birth. I was so contented that I think I should have gone to sea no more could the poor farms of the neighbourhood have given me employment. But the curse of poverty was on the spot, and hungered the penalty of Adam, drove me forth to work and seek.

On the morning of my departure my mother walked with me to the neighbouring hill. To explain the details of my scanty linen was the pretext, but I know now it was to linger over our parting.

She cried and kissed me often, and blessed me several times. I thought then, in my boyish ignorance, her blessings were tediously long. At length she let me go, with a convulsive sob, and clutch of her worn hands made hard by labour.

At the bottom of the valley I turned to take a parting look at the country, and was surprised to find my mother in the same spot, earnestly watching me. She waved her hand, a motion I carefully returned, and then, thoughtlessly whistling, passed out of her sight. I did not then know I was going out of her sight for ever.

But now the vision of her poor, wrinkled hand comes back as if it were done yesterday, fresh, and clear, and strong, in all its loving care and kindness, and it comforts me to think that even now, in its deep affection, it might be still beckoning me somewhere from its airy home, although its shadowy fingers are hidden from me.

I walked in the dusty roads for hours, and at evening crossed the river at Ferrybridge, at which place I slept.

Next day I reached Llanelli, and looked about the little port for a berth. This I soon found in the service of Davies, a sailor who had saved money in the Guinea trade, and now sailed as skipper of his own in the home waters.

Under this experienced navigator I learned roughly to work out the ship's reckoning, and got other sailing knowledge that stood me well in distant seas, and did me good service in after years.

In this employment I stayed long, was cheerful, thoughtful, and contented, and made friends with all on board, save one. That man was our mate, and I lost his goodwill through more boyish folly—not design.

He was a Fuzess man, and, despite the fashion of the day, a loud roarer. "Papit—as many I hear remain that country yet. It was not a quiet time for men of his creed in England, for the flight of the Stuart, and the coming-in of the Dutchman, William, was but a thing of yesterday. Politics and religion had set the country in a blaze, divided the people, and overthrown the throne, and the maddest had dared to guard or watch the liberty they had won."

So this Lancashire mate, Cowber was his name, with his old world diviner's doctrines of kings and outspoken, submissive, slavish views of the times, jarred with the fashion of the times, and he was full of evil in our country, and often had to suffer from our Welsh Puritan zeal, and, maybe, narrow-souled political aversions.

Thus, an undercurrent of division and dislike quietly but deeply ran on between us and our officer, and his rank as mate gave him great advantages. The weapons he fought us with were authority and duty, keenly sharpened by dislike.

We retaliated with jeering obedience which stung, but hurt him little, so that the weapons we fought with were unequal.

"Fuzess are thick when love is thin," says the old Cambrian adage, and Cowber showed us roughly too often the pith and sting of the old saying.

No washing was clean enough, no work hard enough, and no duty long enough for his exacting and resentful spirit. All was caviar and vinegar to him. I was specially singled out for faults, for I had rashly roused his country enmity. Besides, I was poor and friendless, and a good boat to shoot at safely; so he beat me daily, bent me wantonly and savagely, but I was a boy at sea that possibly needed discipline, and to beat boys there was neither rough nor harsh, saw little wrong in beating. Had not he been thrashed into seamanship himself, and knew that the knowledge that came in bruises remained when the marks were gone?

So, even with him, beating had its limits. So, when one day the mate savagely felled me with an iron bolt, and I lost sense and bled long and freely, our captain's wrath was roused and his speech fierce and quick.

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hands were menacingly ready for rough and ready justice.

A few more words of anger, and Jonah's penalty without Jonah's rescue might have ended Cowber's real and life together. This he must have felt, for, appalled at the rage of the Cambrian crew, he grew pale and quiet, and suddenly waited for the worst to come. But in the storm he had raised, he only heard the thunder. The captain, dolefully warded off the lightning from his brutal mate by sternly giving orders to all around.

"Carry Calrow below, and stop his bleeding, men," then, turning to his officer, he said, "Richard Cowber, when we reach Bristol, you quit my ship. No words; go forward, sir!" After that, the mate slunk about the schooner silent and sullen, speaking friendly words with no man. And thus, in cheerful quietude, the duty of the ship went on until, in the lapse of time, we entered the Bristol River and moored our craft near the Redcliffe Hill, that bears the name of St. Mary's Church upon its summit.

Richard Cowber drew his pay and left our company, amidst the open jeers of the crew. In these I thoughtlessly joined, though my wound was yet green and sore. I had done worse to have held my peace, but wisdom and boyhood seldom herd together.

"Take ship with you," I added: "Do, and hide thy coward head in the whale." When the laugh that followed this silly jest was ended, Cowber replied to the taunt:

"Heathen, I'll make thee 'wall' yet," vindictively punning on the sound; and, from the very look, fixed upon me, I knew henceforth I had an enemy abroad in that man's body.

As the times were unsettled, and I was with France and Spain might come at any hour, merchants were cautious and freights were scarce. So we were detained in Bristol waiting for a cargo money.

This rich and populous city was the largest I had ever seen, and I passed much idle time looking at its grandeur. I rambled through its busy, quaintly-built, and narrow streets with much marvel at their length and number, and ill-repressed envy at their wealth.

The mass of shipping at the quays, and those huge vessels that traded to Cathay, the African coast, the plantations of the Crown, and the islands of the West Indies, by their size and strength raised my wonder, too, and when I trod the decks the fancy to see the rich lands they traded to was quickened, and, now and then, a gleam of fever heat, and now and then a gleam of the fierce feeling from me.

I compared our tiny schooner with its giant neighbours that towered above it, and felt how mean and dwarfed our fortunes were. I thought by day and dreamt by night of the adventures and spirit of the sea, and who had sought the rich East and found both name and fortune there, and in doing so had seized on power, a prize always waiting for European hands that were firm and brave enough to grasp it.

In these boyish dreams of a far off future, Richard Cowber and his companion, a scheming wretch remembered more plainly shown one night, when I stumbled over his malice in the dark. Time, that is always so silently busy at its work, had wrought great changes in our little England.

The "glorious revolution," that boast of noisy bards not many years before had come to shake the realm to pieces.

The nightmare of terror which the warping of law in the bad Stuart days had fixed on the nation's sleep was banished. Men woke up to breathe without fear, and feel that they were free. High and low rejoiced, and were content to bless the King and curse their foes, and soon became too glad to guard or watch the liberty they had won.

Why watch? what had they to fear? Were not the Stuarts gone? Justice was no longer a garbled form of words, and law reigned, and was as safe as the pith and sting of the old saying.

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now "his little matter what he said or thought, for he is gone, frightened from the world by a howling mob, and his cruel power is as dead as he."

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One of the boasts of the ancient city is a quaint, old-fashioned, ill-lit narrow street, formed of richly carved houses of Elizabethan pattern. This antique medley of strange forms of building and furnished shops with modern wares quaintly mingling, early caught my boyish fancy, and I loved to traverse its ill-lit roadway on all occasions.

My last visit was on this night. The shops were closed, and the darkness made walking difficult. I had reached its narrow limit, where the roofs of the opposite houses nearly meet, and touch, and the gloom is densest, when my foot caught in an uneven stone, and I tumbled into the arms of a man advancing towards me.

The start, the voice, and the curse that answered my clumsy mishap told me it was Cowber, while my hurried excuse in Welsh accents as quickly revealed my identity to him. He was not more ferociously, and shake, and roar, or rend it than did my enemy its feeble victim; the man seemed mad with rage and drunk with fury.

His frantic speech was a jumble of heavenly appeals, foaming anger, savage blasphemy, and quaint northern words, all curiously blended. I tried to turn and flee, but he clung to me, and his confusion was clear in one thing, danger to me, and I needed not his murderous grip upon my throat to counsel me to fly. We struggled therefore wildly, and for some time I thought hopelessly. At length, by a desperate ruse, I sprung clear of him, and with an effort more a spasm of fear than nervous strength, struck Cowber in the face, from which blow he reeled and fell.

How this was done I know not; he was so strong and fierce, and I a boy so weak and helpless in his hands, but the insanity of terror must have lent me unknown power, and, being free, I turned and fled.

Instinct pointed to the ship, and the lay near the Redcliffe Hill. I started for the river in headlong speed, pursued by those wild cries that so startled honest folk, "Robber!" and "Stop thief!" and with these fearful shouts chasing me in the dark, I was tripped up by a watchman's staff and seized.

My not terror deprived me of all reason. I should have claimed protection of the watch, but, being wild with fear, I struggled with them to get free, and so strengthened Cowber's malice, who, bleeding from the mouth, came pausing up, and, with a charmed look, seized me and robbed in the public street.

The noise soon brought a crowd, for the hour was not too late, and the taverns were still open.

"Robbery, sayest thou?" inquired the astonished watchman at the charge.

"Aye, aye," spluttered Cowber, "of watch and money. See the proof." And he pointed to his bleeding lips.

"Dost make a watch pocket of thy jaws?" jeered the constable incredulously, and the other officers grinned in sympathetic doubt at the evidence offered.

My mouth told much in my favour, but I had not the wit to see it. Like one demented I could only scream and plunge and wrestle, thus angering the guardians of the night by testing their power to hold me. This folly told against me, and the men lost temper.

"Thou'rt better dead quiet and travestry," they said, as they shook me savagely.

"What be the matter?" shouted a burges from his bed-room window.

"Only a Welsh colt that's come to Bristol for a halter, sir," replied the constable confidently.

"Aye, aye," jeered another, "the records will talk to 'un with a black mark on his head, and not in a corner, neither; and then they all laughed at a probability that would be so fatal to my ever reaching manhood."

And thus, amidst a noisy, hustling crowd, who were eager to see but slow to pity, was I followed to the doors of the watch-house and consigned to prison.

(To be continued.)

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"Won in Spite of Him," by the Rev. Charles Houghton (Digby, Long, and Co.), will not, we predict, attain any very marked success. The hero is a gentleman who irritates us, amongst other things, by the frequent references to his "golden mountains." The culminating point of the story is a trial for manslaughter, in which the judge cross-examines the prisoner, and actually sends him to prison. The second number of "The Idler" (Chatto and Windus) will be welcomed by those who read the first. In our opinion the success of the first should be exceeded greatly by the present. Mr. Jerome is great on the music-hall. "Condemned" is the title of a small, poorly-written novelette, by Ellen Edwell (published by King, Bell, and Paulson). The heroine is a young lady of extremely unconventional and startling manner, but there is something rather fresh about her. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" forms the latest instalment of "Penguin's National Library." Wilfred Gurnall (Digby, Long, and Co.), has a story of a young girl, "The Little Girl," which is humorous and amusing, and is written with considerable force and vigour. Of course, in the end, the heroine having amended all her ways, makes a happy marriage. The authors, Ruth Smythe, have evidently had considerable success. The same publishers come as account of "A Ride Across Iceland in the Summer of 1891," by the Rev. W. T. McCormick, who gives an interesting description of an out-of-the-way part of the world. This rich and populous city was the largest I had ever seen, and I passed much idle time looking at its grandeur. I rambled through its busy, quaintly-built, and narrow streets with much marvel at their length and number, and ill-repressed envy at their wealth.

The mass of shipping at the quays, and those huge vessels that traded to Cathay, the African coast, the plantations of the Crown, and the islands of the West Indies, by their size and strength raised my wonder, too, and when I trod the decks the fancy to see the rich lands they traded to was quickened, and, now and then, a gleam of fever heat, and now and then a gleam of the fierce feeling from me.

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## THE GARDEN.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

ULTIMATE WANTS CONSIDERED. Who that has a garden, however small it may be, but has corners somewhere in which it is difficult to fix just the right kind of furniture, and so, as a rule, it becomes a sort of a very marked success. The hero is a gentleman who irritates us, amongst other things, by the frequent references to his "golden mountains." The culminating point of the story is a trial for manslaughter, in which the judge cross-examines the prisoner, and actually sends him to prison. The second number of "The Idler" (Chatto and Windus) will be welcomed by those who read the first. In our opinion the success of the first should be exceeded greatly by the present. Mr. Jerome is great on the music-hall. "Condemned" is the title of a small, poorly-written novelette, by Ellen Edwell (published by King, Bell, and Paulson). The heroine is a young lady of extremely unconventional and startling manner, but there is something rather fresh about her. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" forms the latest instalment of "Penguin's National Library." Wilfred Gurnall (Digby, Long, and Co.), has a story of a young girl, "The Little Girl," which is humorous and amusing, and is written with considerable force and vigour. Of course, in the end, the heroine having amended all her ways, makes a happy marriage. The authors, Ruth Smythe, have evidently had considerable success. The same publishers come as account of "A Ride Across Iceland in the Summer of 1891," by the Rev. W. T. McCormick, who gives an interesting description of an out-of-the-way part of the world. This rich and populous city was the largest I had ever seen, and I passed much idle time looking at its grandeur. I rambled through its busy, quaintly-built, and narrow streets with much marvel at their length and number, and ill-repressed envy at their wealth.

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## VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

(Communications intended for this column should be delivered at the office not later than 4 P.M. on Thursday.)

THE War Office has given permission for the Chatham Artillery to go right into the ranks of the Devonshire Militia. What a pleasant time they will have of it! Should the militia move, there is no pleasure in the march that could be taken up than that between Gravesend and Rochester. The scenery is grand, and the general aspect, indeed, plenty of opportunity of throwing off the fog-clogged pipes of all who live within the metropolitan area.

In the transfer of the R.N.A.V.'s to the Submarine Miners, it appears not to be clearly understood whether or no the men are to be placed on the Reserve, and therefore entitled to the maintenance of their families. This is a matter of some importance, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

I notice that a strong whip has been sent round in favour of an Act being passed enabling Volunteers from serving as soldiers of the Line to become soldiers of the Line. There is no reason why they should not do so; but if they desire to maintain their position as citizens while serving, they must be content to fulfil their civil obligations until the time arrives when all civil obligations shall be lifted.

A letter of complaint has been sent me as to the treatment of old members of Volunteers, and has been referred to non-commissioned officers. In the past we have been too considerate towards this class of men. Everybody admits an old soldier is a credit to the service, and it is not to be said to himself, "Warrior again; thy long day is done."

Major-General Creswell, who has recently been appointed to command a brigade at Aldershot, is well known to all Volunteers who have had the good fortune to have served under him. He is a credit to the service, and it is not to be said to himself, "Warrior again; thy long day is done."

There is a desperate effort being made to prop up the ranks of the Devonshire Militia. The ranks of the Devonshire Militia are falling off in numbers for many years, until they are now so far reduced that if they were not kept up, they would be a mere shadow of the old force. Just to keep their heads above water they now propose to employ recruits of the First Army Reserve, and to have them to join the ranks for the afternoon drill, and pay them 1s. 6d. for an attendance not exceeding one hour and a half. This is a very bad way of maintaining the strength.

A year or two ago, there was an interesting article on the subject of the rating of drill halls, and, although not a lawyer, I then ventured to hazard the opinion that only unless such halls were rated as "places of public amusement," and further that if a hall was rated as such, it would be exempt from taxation. The question is a very important one, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

I always like to hear of the prize of a competition being distributed to the winners. The prize was a very good one, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

A contemporary is coming at the change which of recent years has taken place in the character of the Volunteer force. Years ago it was composed of middle-class men, who could always be relied upon for the most part, and it was a credit to the service, and it is not to be said to himself, "Warrior again; thy long day is done."

Pass the hat round, gentlemen. Contributions are urgently required to support the Devonshire Militia. It is a disgrace to the public service that it should have to be kept up at such a cost, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

A quartermaster of one of the metropolitan regiments gives an account of the condition of the ranks of the Devonshire Militia. The ranks are falling off in numbers for many years, until they are now so far reduced that if they were not kept up, they would be a mere shadow of the old force. Just to keep their heads above water they now propose to employ recruits of the First Army Reserve, and to have them to join the ranks for the afternoon drill, and pay them 1s. 6d. for an attendance not exceeding one hour and a half. This is a very bad way of maintaining the strength.

A year or two ago, there was an interesting article on the subject of the rating of drill halls, and, although not a lawyer, I then ventured to hazard the opinion that only unless such halls were rated as "places of public amusement," and further that if a hall was rated as such, it would be exempt from taxation. The question is a very important one, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

I always like to hear of the prize of a competition being distributed to the winners. The prize was a very good one, and it is to be hoped that the War Office will be able to settle it.

A contemporary is coming at the change which of recent years has taken place in the character of the Volunteer force. Years ago it was composed of middle-class men, who could always be relied upon for the most part, and it was a credit to the service, and it is not to be said to himself, "Warrior again; thy long day is done."

Pass the hat round, gentlemen. Contributions are urgently required to support the Devonshire Militia. It is a disgrace to the public service that it should have to be kept up at



## PIPER PAN.

**BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.**

Mr. Inverarity, a well-known Indian sportsman and barrister, has recently given some interesting experiences of lion shooting in Somali Land, which he has written up as "Facing the Pursuit." Like so many rare and fascinating pursuits there is a certain element of risk in it, for a wounded lion at bay charges its pursuer, as one did Mr. Inverarity. Fortunately, he merely got off with a severe bitten arm and some slight claw scratches. To those who contemplate some time finding themselves in a similar position, it will be well to note that the sportsman attributes his fortunate escape to the fact of his lying on his stomach beneath the lioness. The power

It is not often that four young ladies, of the same family, appear together on the stage. That, however, is what happened on the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Thursday afternoon. I then for the first time saw Miss Lena Dene. The first of the sisters to figure on the boards was Miss Dorothy Dene. Then came Miss Hetty Dene, and, afterwards, Miss Kathleen Dene, who has a part in "Fourteen Days" at the Criterion.

A meeting of the leading anglers is to be held at the Aquarium on Wednesday next at 6 p.m., to compare notes on this question and possibly to convene a larger gathering later on. I am in favour of every good movement tending to benefit the great body of anglers, and however much their views may be decrified, legislation must be for the many rather than the few. I hope some common sense suggestion will emanate from the meeting.

Feminist householders should think once and twice and thrice before giving their vote to Progressist candidates for the London County Council. If they are so supremely foolish as to do that, and thus help to place the Progressists in a majority, they will have to pay the penalty in a large addition to the rates. To carry out the Progressist programme would involve enormous expenditure, and a vote of this must not be cast without the pocketbook being elected to do well, therefore, to be guided in their choice by the list which we print in another column. All the candidates whose names appear in it are pledged to economy, and if they are not returned, London will be safe for another three years from spendthrift administration.

**MADAME.**

There is no doubt about it, loose-back jackets will be fashionable in the spring.

Even the most hardened mudlarks had abandoned the road for the time being. Last Saturday and Sunday scarcely one member of this gallant army of martyrs put himself in evidence, while the few who did must have bitterly regretted their temerity when they returned home fairly smothered in slush. Monday was still worse; I essayed a ride in the afternoon, but a few miles quite satisfied me that neither health nor pleasure was to be got out of cycling under such miserable circumstances.

Makers are still jubilant, fresh orders continuing to come in almost daily, and everything bids fair to render the season of 1899 "best on record" in regard to trade parity. One good thing for makers is the

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**  
IN BOXES, 50c., 10c., 15c., AND 25c. ea.

"Stella" potted her recipe "for when you give the meat. The of lean has one teaspoonful of grated, put. Cut slices the above then pound paste, grate particular mix and mixture in a bowl and a cool place.

To make butter in a thorough manner let it then let it must. Water and liquid perfectly dry behind;

I do a liquid glue to glue glue is the warm doth" an recipes I the best water a hot water half ounce. Efforce the nitro the liquid corked, as ferment, is made glue in a by the aid semi-solid needs only vessel con time, to h

Five co how to bread, as been order of the of response to matter for proportion ingredients." Emma, should as bread for the first she wishes further, quarters that the whole m uttine having a the costs

To make meal or seven po of salt, s dry, and bowl put desert up and they are warm wa make a strained cavity, a the flour sponge s of the pan, an in twen ing of and cre the dry is the time hands, but spa smooth near the two hou board ki and sep one and

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"Mo know" Put tw into a over it fir for a id shi you m Bonni recovere often sugar.

I ha asking work o brace &c. compl pins, a lye of water. ing the mat cold be sou will n solution your f have a piece wire a you t been come old death for a stated



**ROBBING SAILORS.**  
Crawley, a dirty-looking wo

charged at Guilford House, where on the night of Monday last he was seen by Ed- ward J. Keane, a sailing ship, of Faver- sham.—The prosecutor stated that he was with a friend of his in the Essex Tavern, Aldgate, when the prisoner came up to him and commenced pulling him about. He remonstrated with her and she left him. He told friends of his that the prisoner had run away. He followed and caught her, giving her in custody. She then threw the money away, and it had not been recovered.—A constable of the H Division said that he took the accused into custody. She struggled to get away and threw the money into the street. He seized the fragments, as the prisoner belonged to gang who got their living by robbing sailors as they left their ships. She had never been convicted, although she had been charged on several occasions.

hief confederate managed to get the prosecutors out of the way before the case came before the magistrates, or else the sailors and seamen saw their ship about to be morning. The alderman said it was a very serious charge. The sailors got their living with great hardship, and then when they came on shore they were set upon and robbed by a set of dangerous thieves, of which the prisoner was one. He could quite understand how it was that offenders of that class escaped. He should give the prisoner the maximum penalty, six months' hard labour.—Prisoners were removed to the cells laughing.

**GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST A SCHOOL-BOY.**

At Horsham Police Court on the 20th inst., Hargreaves Brown, a local schoolmaster, was charged with indecently assaulting a brewer's drayman, named Sadler.—Prosecutor alleged that prisoner sprang upon him in a public thoroughfare whilst he was walking along at night and committed the offence. Two or three charges of a similar nature were preferred against the accused. The case was committed for trial at the Sussex Assizes.

**THE CASE OF MRS. MAYBRICK.**

At the Assizes at Exeter, the prisoner in Lawton pool trying to collect new facts regarding the famous Maybrick case, with the ultimate object of moving for a new trial. On completion of inquiries the case will be submitted to Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., and Mr. Poland, Q.C., who will give a decision on all the

**FIRE IN WALWORTH.**  
Shortly after half-past 4 on the afternoon of the 20th, a fire of considerable extent broke out in the neighbourhood, broke out on the premises, 10, Alvey-street, East-street, Walworth, a private house, the upper portions of which together with the furniture were completely destroyed. At the time mentioned a grand gala was being given, and the guests, followed by an outburst of flame from the two windows of the first floor front, and messengers at once ran to the fire station, Old Kent-road, and the police station, Rodney-road, both within half a mile distance from the spot, whilst the neighbours gathered round to witness the progress of the fire. The fire was of the kind of a milk cow and the property of Messrs. Smith and Son, whose milk-sheds and cow-sheds are situated next door, and in the rear of the burnt premises. A fire-escape and engine from the Old Kent-road station were speedily on the spot, but owing to a faulty supply of water the fire was not extinguished until the firemen had been brought down on to the premises.

could get it burnt itself out.		the fire
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(ROSBY'S)	BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.	ELIXIR.
(ROSBY'S)	works wonders in cases of PUL-	PUL-
(ROSBY'S)	monary Complaint, and has been used with signal	LX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	success in Asthma and Whoop-	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	cough.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	is an almost infallible remedy	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	for Croup Complains, and is equally efficacious in Night	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	Sweat, Indigestion, Quinsy, &c.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	This medicine, which is free from	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	poison and equal to, not only allays	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	the inflammation, but improves	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	digestion and strengthens the	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	constitution. Hence it is used	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	with great success in	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	ASTHMA.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	BRONCHITIS.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	CONSUMPTION,	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	COUGHS AND COLDS,	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	INFLUENZA.	ELIX IR,
(ROSBY'S)	CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT	ELIX IR,

(ROSBY'S)	DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	PAIN IN THE CHEST.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	WINTER COUGH.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	and all Affections of the Throat and Chest.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	is sold in bottles of 1pt., 1/2 pt., 1/4 pt., and 1/8 oz. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, or direct from	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	DR. ROOSE,	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.	ELIXIR
(ROSBY'S)	BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.	

## CARTER'S

### LITTLE

### LIVER

### PILLS

SMALL PILL.

Small **DOSE.**  
 Small **PRICE.**  
 FORTY  
 IN **A VIAL.**  
 SUGAR **COATED.**  
 PURELY **VEGETABLE.**  
 CURES **TORPID LIVER.**  
 WITHOUT **PAIN.**  
 OF **ALL CHRONICISTS.**  
 1S. **NO.**  
 CARTER'S  
 LITTLE  
 LIVER  
 PILLS







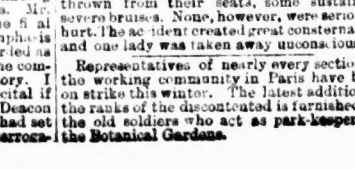
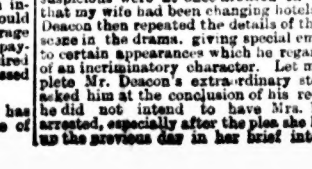
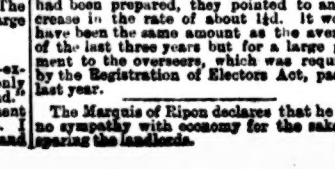
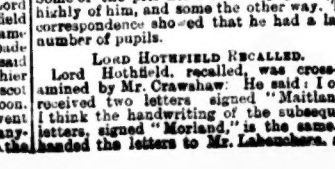
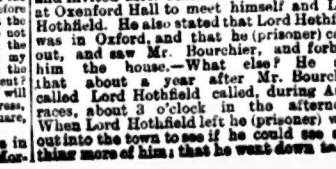
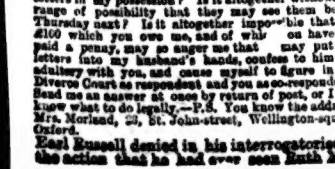








Representatives of nearly every section of the working community in Paris have taken strike this winter. The latest addition to the ranks of the discontented is furnished by the old soldiers who act as park-keepers in the Botanical Gardens.













## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

London now possesses forty theatres.

There were five cases of suicide in the metropolis last week.

Yvette Guilbert, the Parisian music hall singer, earns £10,000 a year.

There were 1,233 births and 1,693 deaths registered in London last week.

Eight infants under a year old were succumbed in their beds last week in London.

Mr. Gladstone hopes to be in his place in the House of Commons on Monday.

Twenty-nine deaths in London last week were attributable to accident or negligence.

It is best to throw bones of contention to the dogs.

Half a loaf is better than a railway restaurant sandwich.

The accomplished murderer is the man who takes life easily.

Perhaps the only safe way of asking a lady's aid is to ask some other lady.

The man with astrachan on his overcoat frequently has fringe on his trousers.

Sir Joshua Reynolds died 100 years ago last Tuesday.

Tuesday was the anniversary of Handel's birthday. He was born 235 years ago.

A woman named Mary Lesham has given birth to a male child in a Glasgow street.

There are now 2,235 newspapers published in the United Kingdom.

The Parrell-Wood case will not be heard during the present sitting.

There were 450 deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs in the metropolis last week.

Three thousand four hundred and sixty-one persons emigrated from Germany last month, as against 2,677 in January, 1891.

"Don't pick a girl for her money!" says a latter day moralist. Of course not. Pick her pocket for it.

They say a sheep has five stomachs. What a happy lot must be that of the sheep afflicted with dyspepsia.

It is asserted that the next County Council move will be a crusade against dinners that are not properly dressed.

No the Jacobites are to run candidates at the next election. The Jacobites nominate Mr. Labouchere for the post of Pretender.

Baby-ribbon has become a favorite trimming for ladies' evening dresses as well as for hats.

Widow Milne, of Dundee, fell from a chair, when asleep, on to the fire. She died shortly after.

Mr. John Dillon now declares that he is convinced that peace can and ought to be made between the two Irish parties.

The Queen's horses and carriages have been forwarded to Hyères, in order that they may be in readiness for her Majesty's arrival.

By an Act just passed in South Australia, all hotels are to be altogether closed on Sundays.

There are 135 daily papers published in England, six in Wales, twenty in Scotland, and nineteen in Ireland.

Lord Wolverton will preside at the festival dinner of the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools at the Hotel Metropole, on the 25th of April.

At the express wish of the German Emperor, the Rhenish silk and velvet manufacturers will send exhibits to the Chicago World's Fair.

The Lord Chancellor will preside at the annual meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Society on Wednesday, April 27th.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will open a conference of those interested in the work of the Children's Country Holiday Fund on Saturday afternoon at Lambeth Palace.

It must be a terrible thing to have a water famine in India. All our Army officers and Government officials must take their whisky neat.

John L. Sullivan is described by dramatic critics in Denver, U.S.A., as "a strong and forcible actor." These are well-known adjectives.

Bishop Potter considers it "an open question whether it is worth while to have beauty at all." He will add a large following among ladies over 40.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has now added literature to her varied accomplishments. She has published a ghost story in a San Francisco journal.

Lord Randolph Churchill has been singularly sombre and reticent since his return to the House of Commons. He speaks to few, and is rarely spoken to.

Madame Rosa Caillaud, the prima donna, who died in great poverty, was buried in Vienna at the expense of a number of friends. There were several wreaths on the coffin.

Mr. W. L. Jackson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has been elected a vice-president of the Leeds Borough Conservative Association; and Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., the hon. treasurer.

A deputation from Enfield waited on the Secretary for War, and urged the Government not to reduce the work which was to be assigned to the arms factory at that place.

Mr. Stanhope said that as the War Office had fewer orders to give, it was necessary to make reductions at all the factories; but other work would be given to Enfield to compensate in some degree for the loss.

The Home Secretary received a deputation from most of the metropolitan vestries, who asked Mr. Matthews to take into consideration the desirability of extending the cab radius to five miles.

The Home Secretary said the cab proprietors and drivers must also be considered, and he would try to devise some plan which would do justice to both parties.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1891, when there was a balance of £2,370,897, to the 26th inst., were £73,946,791, against £79,811,251 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £2,251,251.

The net expenditure was £73,788,543, against £73,788,543 in the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balance on the 26th inst. amounted to £23,362,528, and at the same date in 1891 to £23,321,365.

A curious incident enlivened the performance at the Colonna afternoon concert at the Châtelet in Paris. No sooner had the orchestra struck up the first bars of a symphony by Mendelssohn, Augustus Holmes, entitled "Au Pays Bleu," than a lady in the upper boxes dropped the lower part of the house with a shower of handbills, which on personal by the astonished audience were found to contain a charge of plagiarism against Mendelssohn.

Alfred Parrot, a tramcar driver, Albert Percy, horsekeeper, and Edward Eldridge, manager of the London, Deptford, and Greenwich Tramway Company, were summoned to the Greenwich Police Court for complicity in cruelly working a horse on the line.

An officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a constable, and two veterinary surgeons stated that the horse, when stopped, was in pain, but four other

veterinary surgeons declared it was not in pain. The summons was dismissed.

A local passenger train from Paris to Pontoise ran into an empty goods train, with the result that the driver of the former killed the spot and the stoker of the other engine was severely injured. About a dozen passengers were more or less seriously hurt.

The Besses, hailing from the Land of Cakes, is a desirable sort of paper to keep friendly with. It has just denounced Dr. Cameron, M.P., as a Red Indian, an ecclesiastical dynamitar, a garrotter, and an assassin.

"To succeed in the world," writes a philosopher, "it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man." So it is not so necessary to "know thyself" after all. The correct game is to know the fools.

At the Southwark Police Court, John Stamp, a police constable, was charged on remand with assaulting a girl named Esley, being concerned with Stamp in committing the offence. The main facts of the case have been already reported. The prisoners were committed for trial.

A boy named Whitley, whilst passing a cabyard belonging to Mr. Esquibb, near the Borough, was severely bitten by a dog which flew out of the yard and seized him by the lip. He brought an action for damages, which was tried before Mr. Justice Williams and a jury, who awarded the lad £250 compensation for his injuries.

Frederick E. Herrick, a clerk, was at the Mansion House charged with embezzling money received by him on account of the Barge Owners' Protection Society. It was stated that since the year 1888 he had systematically embezzled money, and that he had forged his master's endorsement to cheques. The Lord Mayor committed him for trial.

An action brought against the Electric Railway Company to restrain them from working three engines so as to be a nuisance to the Spurgeon Orphanage at Stockwell was tried by Mr. Justice Kekewich, who, in consideration of the company having expended to mitigate the nuisance, ordered them to pay the costs and £50 damages.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor's Compulsory Sale of Land in Ireland Bill proposes that three-fourths of the tenants upon an estate, or all the tenants upon a townland, may compel the landlord to sell such estate or townland at a price to be fixed by the Land Commission, which is not to include any part of the estate, or to be fixed by the Land Commission, which is not to include any part of the estate, or to be fixed by the Land Commission, which is not to include any part of the estate.

A murderous affray has occurred on board the Atlantic liner City of New York, lying in Birkenhead Dock. Two deaf mutes, named Martin Gill Bennett and Robert James Thompson, firemen on the vessel, quarrelled and fought. Bennett attacked the other man with an iron chisel, and inflicted such injuries upon his head that he had to be taken to a hospital, where he lies in a dangerous state. Bennett is in custody.

"I am so sorry at heart" (wrote Dickens in 1854, apparently of some labour difficulty) for the working people when they get in trouble and have their wretched arena chalked out for them with such extraordinary complicity by small political economists, that I almost have a natural impulse to say, almost always, to come to the rescue, even of people who I believe they to have been true to their poor men."

In Geneva county, Ala., a jury by its verdict settled the value of kisses. A young fellow named William Horton was indicted for assault and battery on Miss Sallie Jones. The testimony of the young woman was that Horton had kissed her against her will. Horton testified that the kiss was with Miss Sallie's free and consent, and that he had kissed her 150 times before. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and assessed a fine of 150 dollars.

Lady Evelyn Gordon Lennox, eldest daughter of the Earl of March, met with a serious accident when hunting with the Goodwood Foxhounds. The meet was at Ladyhurst Park Hill, near the village of Ladyhurst. The lady was once rolled over its rider. The lady was once rolled over its rider. The lady was once rolled over its rider.

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entertainment of the invalids who frequented the medical "wall."

The town of Fort Benton, Montana, which a few years ago had a population of over 2,500, now has less than 200.

Two Indian squaws fought with butcher knives seven miles from Pine City, Minnesota. One of them is now dead.

"Ye Banks and Brees" has been added to the Salvation Army's repertoire of hymn tunes. "General" Booth should be brags of the banks, and his satellites on the bays.

The prejudice against the wearing of whiskers is becoming very marked in the dining clubs and restaurants of New York City.

After James Donnelly, a Plainfield, New Jersey, boy, had roared himself on 24 raw eggs and 30 glasses of beer, he fell into convulsions, and died.

M. Paderewski, the pianist, is receiving £200 a concert in the United States, and his entrepreneurs are understood to be earning a large profit by his recitals.

California's dried fruit industry amounted to \$2,400,000 in 1889, against a product of 2,250,000 lb. in 1888. The output of raisins was 1,600,000 lb. in 1890.

In Argentina the drivers and conductors of street cars are by law responsible for any accident which may occur, so when one happens their first care is to escape.

The Council of the Actors' Benevolent Fund have resolved not to entertain any application for relief except from those who have been bona fide members of the dramatic profession for at least three years.

A York man named Arthur Warriner lost his life last night in a gallant attempt to rescue a companion who had fallen through the ice into the River Foss. The other lad was saved.

During 1891 there were 5,671 foreigners naturalised as French citizens under the law of June, 1889. Of this number 4,308 were men and 923 women. One hundred and eight of the former had married French wives.

Theatre bonnets are now being made entirely of ostrich feathers with velvet strings. If a little transparency could be imparted to the ostrich feathers male theatregoers would have little left to wish for.

Taking five sovereigns to the ounce, the £1,764,000 left by the late Mr. W. H. Smith weighs exactly 35 tons 3 cwt. 3 lb. But young Mr. Fred. Smith is an athlete, and will manage to lift his share.

There were 47 deaths from measles last week in London, 100 from whooping-cough, 2 from diphtheria, 2 from enteric fever, and 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

Last week 20,023 cwt. of potatoes were imported into this country, showing a great increase upon the corresponding week of the previous year, when it only amounted to 15,925 cwt.

Newton J. Ross, a farmer, of Tallahassee, Florida, was shot dead by another farmer, named Sherrill, with whom he had had a dispute in the settlement for some work done by him.

Will Lavender, a negro, who was in custody at Bonaville, Virginia, for an assault upon a white girl, was taken from the police by a mob, in the early hours of the morning, and hanged to a tree.

William Shannon, aged 38 years, was found dead in his bed at Mount Holly, near Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He had been given a quart of whisky by some strangers, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from an overdose of whisky.

Luenna is going, but it goes slowly. The death attributed to it is its malign effects in London fell last week to 72, the figures in the two previous returns being 508 and 183. Cases in which it was noted as a secondary cause fell to 9.

The Chronicle believes that "Mr. Balfour, in spite of very plain admissions from Birmingham and elsewhere, intends to stick to the suppression clauses of the Local Government Bill, and that they for induced an integral and inseparable part of the measure."

Hamp Biscoe, a coloured desperado, of England, Arkansas, resisted arrest and shot and seriously wounded Jonathan Ford, a constable. A posse of police then went to make the arrest, and were, says an official report, "forced to kill Biscoe, his wife, and a son."

"When your boxing master appears before you with a black eye and says that he got it from you in the last round, he is telling you the truth. What he tells is an old trick in the business. It costs him nothing and it makes you feel good. But it is not founded on fact."

The schooner Pearl, of Dunkirk, was driven ashore on Cruden Sands, Aberdeenshire, in a heavy sea. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution's lifeboat Frances Camilla Howard, stationed at Port Elliot, put off to her assistance, and succeeded in rescuing twelve persons who were on board the vessel.







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<b>GOUT</b>	<b>CURE LUMBRAGO.</b>
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**PAIN** is quickly relieved  
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 these Concentrated Pills, well  
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**PAIN EXERCISING PILLS**, for all  
 complaints. No return  
 of pain during use.  
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 10, 100, and 500, 000, per doz.

**DAVIS' PEARL COLORED AND TASTELSS**  
**RE COMPOSED OF STEAR, PENNYROYL, BITTER APPLE,**  
**ALOE, JUICE GINGER, AND TWO OTHER DRUGS KNOWN**  
**TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE FOR THE PURPOSE.**

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**CAN RESIST THEM.**

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**REMEDIES. IT IS A SIMPLE BUT FAR WITH THIS PREPARA-**  
**TION TO LIVE IN THE MOST PERFECT HEALTH, EVERY PART**  
**ALL RIGHT IN A DAY OR TWO, BUT IT IS IN**  
**THESE INSTANCES THE ASSURANCE OF THIS REMEDY**  
**SUPPLY ASTOUNDING. IT SUCCEEDS, WHEN OTHER**

HAS NEVER YET FAILED  
HUNDREDS of unswerving testimonials prove this

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"Queen's-road, Everton, Liverpool,  
" 2nd, 1898. —" For many years, I have  
" A THOUSAND thanks for your medicine. The  
" The strongest preparation was official. I had used  
" GIVEN UP HOPES for a sufficient time, and had  
" nearly all the so-called remedies in train. — Yours  
" Sincerely, Mr. F. A. C. —"  
" Some time from the receipt, per return post  
" on receipt of 5s. 6d., a POWERFUL PREPARATION  
" for immediate effect. See, also, by M.D. South-  
" east, for further particulars. —"  
" All communications are kept quiet, per se."

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I CURE FITS.  
I CURE FITS,  
AND TO PROVE IT**

**WILL GIVE A BOTTLE OF MY REMEDY FOR  
IT BOTH FREE AND POSTAGE PAID.**

[illegible]

**A CLEAR COMPLEXION.**  
PINPLES, Black Specks, Sunburn, Freckles, and  
all unsightly blemishes of the face, neck, arms,  
and hands, can be instantly removed by using **MRS.  
JAMES'S MEDICAL OINTMENT**, made from the  
most delicate and refined chemicals, and is  
entirely harmless to the skin that it cures every one  
of. It is the only medicine that does not  
flow from observation, and is free from  
poisons to the system.

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**HAIR DESTROYER.**  
**JAMES'S DEFLUPATING** instantly removes Super-  
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without injury to the Skin. Of **Most Chemists**, in  
all parts of the Kingdom. It is made from observa-  
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**FAMOUS SCALP AND HAIR MIXTURE,**  
It is the most Effective on Earth. For the most Con-  
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Price 6d. (stronger, in Bottle), post free 20s.

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 SOME ONE MUST 21- 211 WHY NOT  
 GET 100 FOR 13 YOU?  
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 TOOTHACHE CURE!  
 MESSRS H. WYNNE AND CO. in order to more  
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 TURE to the notice of the public, have decided to  
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The sender whose letter is first opened containing  
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 relief in the most acute cases, but if properly applied,  
 it is positively permanent.

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